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THE NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THE New Testament comprises four classes of writings. The first—the four Evangelists—is the biography of Christ, or the Incarnate Word, living and acting upon the earth; the second is a history of the Church, which was gathered and formed around this central truth of God manifest in the flesh; the third comprises letters of advice and exhortation to the communities that were thus gathered and organized; the fourth alone is exclusively prophetic, and describes the consummation of Christianity. Christ had said that he should come again, that he should come spiritually, that he should be with his Church to the end of time, and therefore that it should prevail and subdue the world to itself. There might be declensions, apostasies, and schisms. These were transient,—mere ripples on the face of the sea, whose heart profound was always the same. These were transient, he was permanent;—the inmost life of the Church; “the central calm of all agitation;” the heart of the sea whence new ripples and waves of life would go out forever. This fourth and last writing, therefore, looks forward and sees the latter-day glory. It takes into view both worlds, and sees what

the earth will be when Christ shall have come fully into it and rules its affairs, and when the heavens shall have descended and made the earth at one with themselves. It describes the stupendous agencies and changes that are to precede this consummation. The consummation itself is that God dwells with man perennially, and tears are wiped away from all eyes.

By "the tabernacle of God with men" reference is made to the Jewish Shekinah, which represented God's presence with the Jews, and which prefigured Christ as the Shekinah of his Church; or Immanuel, God with us. So that the prophecy, "Behold the tabernacle of God is with men," is equivalent to saying, The time cometh when God shall be seen and acknowledged in the Divine Human Nature of the Lord Jesus Christ, — when Christ will be felt and seen as God's ever-living Shekinah within the Church, — and then communion with him will be so full and life-giving that there shall be no more death nor sorrow nor pain. Such was the Church of the Future which the prophet saw.

Almost every one believes that the race is to have a future. That man, socially and religiously, is to remain as he now is, — that humanity is always to be chaotic and at war with itself, the most advanced of its tribes hardly out of barbarism, — nobody will imagine but atheists, whose theories make man only a higher kind of animal. Every one who sees anything before him has some prevision of a millennium, or an age of gold.

But what shall it be, and how shall it come, and what are we to do for it? These questions do not get answered with any uniformity, and therefore the real friends of human progress cross and jostle each other, sometimes with bad temper and bad names. Great evils are in the world, lying about us, and within us, and it would be rather difficult to say at which end of society the perishing classes are most to be found, — the victims of war, intemperance, and lust, at the upper end, or the victims of slavery, poverty, and grinding toil at the lower.

Those who believe in progress, however, and are willing to work for it, can be very easily classified. There are only three divisions of them. It is quite important that we observe them; for a question is half decided when you see distinctly the alternatives between which your choice must lie.

First, then, there is the No-Church party, or the forces of Naturalism, who think that Christianity has had its run and is now to be superseded by something else. Christianity, like Brahmanism, like Mahometanism, like Judaism, was a partial, not an absolute religion, useful in its day, having some germs of truth, overlaid with a great deal of superstition and error. The truth will live and be taken up into a universal religion; the error will scale off and pass away, and so Christianity, after the truth in it has been eliminated, will be numbered among the hoary superstitions of the past. Then humanity, out of its own instinctive beliefs, and taking what is true out of the old religions, will grow into a new era; philosophy, science, culture, education, self-development, will supersede Bibles, churches, and all authority but the individual reason, and so create all things new.

All these notions of progress are grounded on the assumption that there is in man universal an inherent element of progress, always active, and working itself clear; that no revelation ever comes to him except through the natural growth of his own reason; that all of truth which there is in Christianity came in this way. It came to the prophets and to Christ himself just as it comes to us and to all men; Christ was only a model man, that we can come up with, and that all men may come up with, and even outstrip in the race; miracle is the garb of myth and fable, the crude belief of undeveloped minds; there is but one kind of inspiration, and that is given to all men, and the difference is only one of degree. In the new age, and as humanity unfolds, all will be prophets, all Christs, all inspired to make their own Bibles, and every true man and woman will be the word made flesh.

It does not enter into the plan of my argument just now to reason the case with Naturalism. Two facts in passing, however, it is worth while to observe. If there is in man such an impulsive tendency to self-elevation, if humanity is so inspired by native^{*} instinct, it is rather strange that only one of the five races has had any development at all. All over the American continent as Columbus found it, all over the South Sea islands, all over the continent of Africa so far as discovered, all over the steppes and plains of Central and Eastern Asia, the races lie helpless and prone, — a dead sea of barbarism, where there is no appearance of men, but only the crude material for men to be made out of. And there they have lain, age after age and cycle after cycle; the palsied limbs of the race stretched out huge and helpless, just as they were, for aught we know, when the trees and the grass began to grow. So of Northern and Central Europe away back to where history cannot climb. Rather strange it is, on this self-development theory, that these vast members of our common race lay stretched out huge, and dead, and in darkness which you might cut as with a knife, and that they never begin to develop morally except around the man of Nazareth himself, and in conjunction with the race into which God descended and was clothed in humanity.

There is another fact which is noteworthy. It so happens that these self-developing people, when they undertake to leave Christianity behind and work out an absolute religion without it, instead of getting us into the circle of universal truths, let us down considerably into the limbo of inanity from which Christianity was lifting us up. M. Comte's Positivism seems to be the farthest in this direction, and he demonstrates pretty clearly, that to work out a positive religion and a positive morality without Christianity is like putting out the sun and the stars, and finding your way by the stars that strike through your phosphorescent brain as you knock it against the obstacles that interpose.

The second party of progress is the Old-Church division,—and he who adopts this instrumentality gets shut into some sect, and thinks that human progress depends on the conquests which it makes. The sects assume that Christianity has been learned out, that we know about all of the mind of Christ that we may ever expect to know in this world, and each one thinks that this all is deposited with the denomination to which he belongs. Progress with him, therefore, is the same as the lateral extension of his own denominational lines. For instance, the golden future with the Catholic will be when all become Papists; with the Baptist, when all people become Baptists; with the Calvinist, when all become Calvinists; with the Unitarian, when all become Unitarians; and so to the end of the list. Hence you hear all over Christendom the working of this sect-machinery, the establishment of organs, the funds for propagandism, and the counting of numbers. With the larger and more prevailing sects the end of all their measures is the extension of themselves. All things else must give way to the enlargement of the sect, and even humanity and mercy themselves are sometimes sacrificed for this.

But the question must here come up,—Suppose any one of these sects should make a complete conquest and subdue the world to its religion, is that all which the world needs? Is the golden age coming only by our getting up to the level which any one of them occupies? In those periods of time, or those places of the world, where these sects have had all to themselves, did they work any such transformation as the world waits for? Catholicism once had the whole of Europe in her hands; Puritanism, the whole of New England. What did they do with them? Why, they turned out Papists and Puritans enough, but never a whole Christian, except by his working against their cultus, and working clear of it. Does our own Unitarian theology need nothing but lateral extension? Does it not need to increase also in depth and altitude and consistence and richness, be-

fore it enlarges to complete Catholicity and fills the whole range of human desires? Ask any one of the sects, What is the state of things among you? and, if honest, they will tell you a sad story of coldness and declension and collapse, relieved only by periodical fervors. Moreover, they cannot answer some of the first questions pertaining to God and man, the resurrection and a spiritual world, and the conditions of a glorious immortality. They cannot even answer the child's first question with any sort of intelligence, and tell you whom you shall worship, or present an object of worship which is undivided, and which does not leave your mind distracted and cloven. If what they tell us about the object of worship, about man as he is and as he is to be, about the essential relation between man and woman, about the life after death wrapped up in the life that now is, — above all, if Christianity is to do no more than they have done in subduing and transforming human nature here below, — then indeed the naturalists are right, and Christianity is learned out and its force well-nigh spent. For if you extend it only as the sects possess it, it is only a pale and feeble light, and it leaves unsolved the mightiest problems that press on the mind of this present age. This is not denying by any means that the sects have had their use, and been permitted for a good purpose. They have done a good work. They have drawn off and put into their creeds all the truth which they could bear, mixed up doubtless with their own absurdities and errors. They hewed to themselves cisterns, and let in just so much as the cisterns would hold. Their radical mistake was in claiming that the little duct which led into them was the Great River of Life, — whereas that river sweeps on and on, and sweeps by them, fed by springs eternal and fresh from the heart of God; and long after the cisterns have become dry and rotten, it will bear the argosies and navies on its bosom, and make the banks grow green where it flows, and lave all the shores with its tranquil and fertilizing waters.

We come then to a third view of the matter. There are those who do not believe that Christianity is learned out, or is to pass away, or is shut in by the sects; but that it is to have an opening down upon us with a power and richness which the world has never seen yet. They believe that God's plan is one continuous and unbroken,—that Christianity itself was wrapped up prospectively in Judaism, and was a fulfilment thereof, and not its abolishment. That, in like manner, the universal and absolute religion will not be a superseding of Christianity, but a fulfilment thereof, and an unfolding of its intrinsic meaning; that from beginning to end, from Genesis to Revelation, it is God speaking, though the interpretations thereof have only been men stammering; that for eighteen hundred years the mind of Christ, as embodied in his word, has been slowly apprehended; that the sect religions are only provisional and partial, the baby-lispings of truth, preparing the way for its full breaking and intonation from the word of God. They believe that Christ himself is present and living, in his Church and in his Bible and in the hearts of believers, and slowly and surely is melting through into the ages as fast as the ages can see him; that this is the second coming which he promised,—coming in the clouds or breaking through the obscurities of the letter, and making it white as the light. They believe that human progress is not a normal self-development and self-lifting that leave Christianity behind, but a regeneration under Christianity as it opens down into man's soul with inexhaustible warmth and effulgence.

These are the believers in a new Church,—not any sect that goes by that name,—but a new Church Catholic, forming within all other churches and in the minds of all true believers,—not always visible to men, but visible to God,—disclosing to all true minds higher views of truth than the sects can any of them hold, and imparting to all hearts that turn only to the Lord a life which the sects as such can never give. They believe that the Lord Jesus is coming

nearer and nearer and yet nearer, not in person, but in spirit ; that around him, and him alone, the Church of the Future is to be gathered and formed ; that in the brightness of his coming the old sects will pass away, as partial religions that have done their work and are needed no longer. They do not suppose it will be a new ecclesiasticism, a Lo, here ! or a Lo, there ! but a new life, fresh from the Lord Jesus, and out of that new life a more heavenly, practical, and universal theology, before which the old and scragged dogmas will melt off and fall away. They believe that the sects, so far from having learned out the Scriptures, have barely got beneath the surface and the covering ; that a Divine Book, like a Divine work, will never be learned out by man, but disclose its contents forever, as the sun himself keeps shining on to successive generations, yet never empties his urn of its light and fire.

If this be so, then there is a Church within the churches, ever seeking to be made manifest. The churches — the sects — are but the temporary sheddings and scalings off, that the one Catholic Church, the Divine Shekinah itself, may send out a new wave of its truth and power, to meet the wants of a new age or an ever-progressive humanity.

The Church of the Future, — the New Catholic, or the Broad Church, — let us pause upon these words, and see what they mean, and what in the nature of things such a church must be. It must be a *church*, and it must be *catholic*. Let me put each of these two points with some fulness of illustration. It must be a church, — a descent from God out of heaven, — and not merely a self-development out of man. It must be catholic and broad ; it must contain the principles of a universal or absolute religion, not of one that is partial and temporary, to be succeeded by something else.

And what is a church truly catholic ? Obviously it is not one that gathers all sorts of men and things into it, but which makes those that are in it truly catholic men. The church truly broad is not an agglomeration of everything and anything, but it is a church that has the power of

broadening those that are in it, and making them whole men and women,—perfecting all the faculties, and especially setting free the affections till they embrace the whole. Herein it must reverse the whole process of these old sects and churches. Almost every one of these has made salvation by faith alone its first principle. Belief in special dogmas is an act of the understanding, which always protests and divides; hence a church grounded on this will always be splitting in pieces. Not such is the foundation of Christ.

“Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.” “These three, Faith, Hope, Charity,—but the greatest of these is Charity.” A true catholic church, then, makes life and charity fundamental. And this is the principle which unitizes and draws together. And this is what saves a man, if he is to be saved at all. For what is it that condemns and dooms him, excludes him from heaven and shuts him up in hell? Heaven is a grandly organized charity, fed from the Lord; and hell is just the opposite,—a grandly disorganizing selfishness. What one needs to be saved from is his own self-love. There is nothing so foul and so hateful as that. Yea, rather, there is nothing foul and hateful but that. This corrupts his heart and destroys its peace. This poisons the relation of husband and wife, parent and child, brothers, neighbors, citizens, and man and woman. This inverts our manhood, and turns it downward, and fills it up from earth and hell. This generates all our individual, social, and political evils. No church can cure the world of its sin-sickness which does not lay its finger first on this central virus, and proclaim salvation by charity—good works out of a clean heart—as its fundamental law, and make provision for all this to be accomplished; which does not regenerate human nature, casting out the native devil of self, and bringing into its place the angel of an unselfish love; which does not bring into the home the sweetness and fragrance of charity, and make the home a seminary for the skies;

which does not bring into the neighborhood that highest communism that draws the wants and woes of each within the sympathies of all; which does not bring down into the market-place, and write over all the porch-doors of the exchange, the letters of the golden rule; which does not make marriage sacred, and join man and woman together with hands that are white and clean; which does not make the Church and society a compact of mutual helps, and bind each heart to all other hearts in the offices of self-sacrificing love. This is the first principle of a true Catholic Church; and you see it turns the doctrine of the old churches right square about. It stands on a higher plane, and has its foundation, not in the understanding that protests and divides, but in the heart that comprehends and draws together. They proclaim salvation by faith and charity as incidental. A church of Christ's catholicity proclaims salvation by charity and the faith that is born of charity, grows out of it, and is fed by it. The foundations of the first are in the intellect that divides; the foundations of the other are in the heart that includes and embraces. The understanding is always protestant and sectarian; the heart alone is catholic.

Very well, perhaps the reader will say; this is just what we Unitarians have always insisted on. Perhaps so. But I fear there is one other thing we have not insisted on enough. This new life that melts down our selfishness and sweeps it out of us, and brings in the Divine love in its place, and makes it crop out in all the charities and graces, comes not of self-development. Try that process, and we only develop our own self-love and self-conceit under specious names and disguises. You see how it is; — how self-culture fails, because it is only a sort of self-polishing, making us sleek and shining without, but hard and cold within; how Reform fails, because men put their own passions into it red-hot, instead of Christ's melting and subduing love; how preaching fails, because it sets forth abstract theories

about Christ, while the living Christ is not in it. Do you not see, then, that there is still another truth, — not only salvation by charity, but salvation by Him alone who gives the charity and breathes it through us as a baptizing fire? Do you not see that it only comes to us through the God-with-men, — the Great Shekinah of Christianity, — God melting through the human heart as he comes to it in the Divine Humanity of Christ, and thus opens and sets free all the resources of its love? Hence do you not see that the charity and philanthropy that have not Christ in them are destitute of that warm and contagious life which reproduces itself in other souls? Abstract and afar off, God does not change our wintry natures, and our good works are automatic and not inspired. But “behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he shall dwell with them and be their God.” And then it is the heart’s summer-time, and its deeds are effusive of the Divine grace. Christ seen and acknowledged, not as an historical person who lived eighteen hundred years ago, but as one who lives now more than ever, — the central life of his Church, the fountain of its charities, the river of its peace, the tabernacle of God with men, — and then his love melts into all your hearts, breathes through all your speech, puts a soul into all your morality, sheds perfume through all your house, takes out of reform the virus of passion, and puts into it the contagious tenderness of Christian ardor, transcends denominational lines and claims its own everywhere, and gathers the good out of the sects into one communion around the living Head, as doves flying to their windows. And this is the New Jerusalem, not evolved out of man by self-cultivation, but coming down from God out of heaven, adorned and beloved as a bride.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY.

THE peculiar peculiarity of New England is its annual festival of Thanksgiving. What was the origin of a custom which seems to be inwoven with the very fabric of New England character and affections,—a custom to speak against which would be like speaking against the Temple to the Jew,—a custom which it were madness to hint at abolishing? It was thus. Edward Winslow, under date of 11 December, 1621,—just a year to a day from the landing on the rock,—writes to a friend in England: “You shall understand that in this little time that a few of us have been here, we have built seven dwelling-houses and four for the use of the plantation, and have made preparations for divers others. We set the last spring some twenty acres of Indian corn, and sowed some six acres of barley and pease. Our corn did prove well; and, God be praised! we had a good increase of Indian corn, and our barley indifferent good, but our pease not worth the gathering.” That was the first New England harvest! “Our harvest being gotten in,” the writer goes on to say, “our Governor sent four men on fowling, that so we might, after a special manner, rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labors. They four, in one day, killed as much fowl as, with a little help beside, served the whole company almost a week, at which time, among other recreations, we exercised our arms, many of the Indians coming amongst us, and among the rest their greatest king, Massasoit, with some ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted, and they went out and killed five deer, which they brought to the plantation and bestowed upon our Governor, and upon the captain and others. And although it be not always so plentiful as it was at this time with us, yet, by the goodness of God, we are so far from want, that we often wish you partakers of our plenty.” Thus, according to Edward

Winslow, in the first year of the Colony was this now venerated custom instituted, — a chance seed dropped in the wilderness ; or, since it has come to hold so great and so grave a place in our affections and our hopes, may we not the rather say a providential seed, ripening and multiplying into this religious and domestic — to be yet perhaps a national — festival ?

Let us go back to that first Thanksgiving Day. Upon each side of the street now running from the old church to the harbor there stand eleven small and rudely-built houses, their rough sides made of logs filled in with mud, their roofs covered with thatch procured in the woods and fields. Seven of these only are used as dwelling-houses, and they now contain, not only the fifty survivors of that first sad winter, but the five and thirty who had arrived the month previous in the *Fortune*. Up on the hill is their humble fort, on which are mounted the great guns of the colony, and within which they assembled for their Sunday services, both for security and because no meeting-house was built until 1648. Before them is the sea, and in the offing lies the *Fortune*, to sail in a few days with the first-fruits of this little settlement, — “ furs, beavers, clapboards, sassafras, and wood of divers sorts, in value about £ 500,” — herself destined to reach England only after a French privateer had appropriated her cargo. About them the long, undulating, and sandy shore stretches cheerless and cold, while behind them spread the deep, untrodden forests, — home, as they think, of lions, — as they know, of wild men, who had been taught long ago, by the treachery of Hunt, to hate and distrust the English. On this little spot, between the hill-top and the sea, lies this tiny colony, — this handful of needy, but pious, men and women, — this nucleus of a mighty civilization. Around their dwellings and up upon the hill-slope they have cleared and planted six and twenty acres ; and we know by other accounts that Mr. Winslow has rather overstated the results of their first har-

vesting. Still it is their first. The terrible winter is passed, summer has reassured, and autumn now blesses them. The work is done, and the harvest garnered. They could rejoice in the present, and hope for the future. The Governor, Bradford, brave in words and deeds, a good man and a wise ruler, considers this a result for special rejoicing. No doubt in many a prayer and many a discourse the marvellous mercies of God had been largely descanted on, for those Puritan Fathers of ours were not men to forget Him, either in success or reverse. But the Governor deemed it an occasion for other rejoicing. He seems to have had that humanity about him which allowed him to recognize some other methods of gratitude than those of religious service. There shall be rejoicing over the ingathering, and a feast; and he sends out his men "fowling, that so we might, after a special manner, rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labors." Little did he dream, as they came back loaded with turkeys and venison, and gathered about the Thanksgiving board, that he was instituting an annual feast, that should be to posterity welcomest of all feasts; that should go with the New England man wherever he went; that should be made familiar and welcome in the prairie of the West, by the river of the South, and on the shores of the great Pacific; that should be kept in the cities of popes and emperors and kings; that should be remembered on the sea and in the mine, or wherever the sons of New England might be. It was a rough, but a hearty feast;—none of the boisterous cheer many of them had known in other days in dear Old England; none of the sumptuous abundance under which groan the tables of New England to-day; but a substantial repast of men who were not used now to dainties, nor wholly unused to want. They rejoiced and were grateful; but over many a heart deep shadows stole, as the very cheer and plenty brought to mind the weary ones who had drooped and faded under the privations of that first stern year, whose silent resting-places lay close by

their living abode. Of those who landed scarce a year ago, one half were gone, and there are tears amid their thanksgivings and sadness amid their joy. The worst is, however, over. Dear friends, those who returned when the *Speedwell* was condemned, have just joined them. The *Fortune* rides at anchor, just ready to sail for home, with words of good cheer from the colony, and a cargo that shall satisfy the clamor of the Gentlemen Adventurers. They have no thought of going with her, or of abandoning their enterprise. The desert has given them what they sought, and they are content to bide the issue. It was a day of gratitude and trust.

And they had guests at their feast, — Massasoit, that stanch friend of the Pilgrim, with ninety of his men. It must have been a drain upon their hospitality to have entertained that hungry horde, and no slight tax upon their good nature. However, upon policy and principle, they may have treated the red man, — and it is due to the memory of that primitive band to say that uniformly their dealings were upright and fair, — he never could have been a pleasant inmate or companion. Winslow and Roger Williams bear witness to the personal inconveniences and disgusts they were subject to in their much intercourse with them; and though at this time they did good service, bringing in five deer to the Governor and Captain, I think they may not have been wholly welcome. But since they are there, the Governor and Standish think it may be well to give them an entertainment more in their own line, and this too with an eye to its bearing upon the future. Every citizen had of necessity become a soldier and was drilled to arms, and Miles Standish had a pride in showing the great sachem and his warriors the mysteries of tactics, an art by the savage reduced to its simplest elements; and so, after other recreations, they are exercised in arms. Altogether it was a singular occasion, that first Thanksgiving Day; who could

have guessed that it was to be the prolific source of so many Thanksgiving Days?

It was a day of good cheer and rejoicing, of religious gratitude and social good-will. And yet look at the facts. In one short year, a half of the colony gone; those who remained, exiles from home; for the support of ninety persons through a long, uncertain winter, the indifferent yield of six and twenty acres, — a store scanty indeed, and which they knew must require great husbanding, — and could they have foreseen what they must endure before spring, how that small stock must be divided again for the outfit of the Fortune, they could hardly have rejoiced as they did, though they would still have trusted. I am afraid we of to-day should hardly appoint or enjoy a Thanksgiving Day if our autumnal returns were as scant in proportion, while the prospect of half-allowance for six months all through the community would create panic and flight.

Gone is that Pilgrim band; vanished the red man's race. The forests have bowed their head, and the brave old fort has sunk level with the sward. At the foot of the hill lies the village they founded, — home of schools and churches, commerce and manufactures, of a peculiar social character and a rare hospitality, of precious relics as of holy memories, — while on each side of it stretches the shore, still sandy and cheerless. The wide wilderness that lay behind and beyond — the home of the savage and the snake, the wolf and the deer — has grown into a fair and civilized land, teeming with cities and towns, smiling with harvests and industry, — a land of cheerful toil and sufficient plenty, of good laws, of general education, of domestic habits, — a land of morals and religion. Not one of its thousands of inhabitants but, on its annual return, feels some influence from that "*First Thanksgiving Day*."

J. F. W. W.

THE CHANGING AND THE TRUE.

'T WAS a yellow leaf they brought to me,
As it fell from the dark-green maple-tree ;
But it spoke of autumn and vanishing hours,
Of summer passed by, and the time of flowers.

'T was one silver hair, that braided lay
'Mid my locks as brown as in childhood gay ;
But it told a tale few are ready to hear,
Of our waning youth, with its visions dear.

'T was a withered flower, for thousand such
Are dropping their leaves at the gentlest touch ;
But a word it said to my listening heart,
And I only sighed as it fell apart.

'T was the faintest shade of gathering night,
For the skies all that wintry day were bright,
And we knew that the moon on the glistening snow
Would shine with the radiance of " long ago ; "

'T was the dying chant of some old song,
As it floated away on the breeze along ;
'T was the parting glow of the setting sun,
That tinted with light the forest dun ;

'T was the arch that spanned, with spirit hue,
The wood-clad hills and the waters blue ; —
But a change so slight that we scarce knew why
Then told us the glory was passing by.

'T was the fading flush on a mother's cheek,
'T was the smooth, light touch of her hand so weak ;
For we felt that age its stamp had set
On one whose beauty we cherished yet.

'T was the tremulous tone of the waiting saint,
Though the soul within him put forth no plaint ;
But we heard a voice he could not hear,
And it whispered low that the end was near.

But I looked above, and a holy beam
From behind the silvery clouds did stream ;
And it floated so brightly above my head,
I knew that a spirit smiled and said :

" Look forth to the morrow's rising day,
When darkness and change have passed away,
And read in the charm of the early hour
The beauty and promise of God's full power."

Then I looked abroad on the kindling earth,
Where the glory of God to a higher birth
Had waked the sleeper, and gilded the shade
With that deathless light that cannot fade.

And I blessed the gray hair and the withered leaf,
With their dreams of earth-life faint and brief ;
I dared not weep o'er the fading flowers,
Nor sigh for age with its drooping powers ;

For I knew they only foretold the day
When nature, declining, should melt away
In the glorious light of the Great Unknown,
And earth be as heaven before His throne.

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" Sit not down in the popular forms and common level
of virtues. Offer not only peace-offerings, but holocausts ;
where all is due, make no reserve, and cut not a cumin-
seed with the Almighty ; to serve Him singly to serve our-
selves, were too partial a piece of piety, not like to place
us in the illustrious mansions of glory."

A VISIT TO THE ANCIENT CITY OF CHESTER.

WE had been dashing with the speed of an excited express-train through the mountains and picturesque scenery of North Wales, when, at about noon, we descried in the distance the thickly-set houses, and, above them all, the great tower of the Cathedral of Chester. As we neared this rare old place, of which friends had given such enthusiastic descriptions, but of which tourist-writers have not taken over-much note, tall chimneys appeared, and the thick smoke rolled massively from their tops, and the sound of the trip-hammer began to be heard, and the old quiet and dulness of Chester seemed to have passed away. At the railway station, too, all was bustle and nineteenth-century life. The old gardens outside the city walls have now been made to bear up a stately station-house, where six railways centre, running with their branches to all parts of the British Isles. The current of Irish travel runs through Chester, the Great Western and the Great Northwestern begin here, and thus Chester has become one of the great railway cities of England. But let not the reader be deceived by these things. The three thousand visitors who pass through Chester station-house daily come and go, and leave not a trace behind. We put the depot, with all its stir, behind us, passed for a little way through manufacturing streets, and saw the tall chimneys stand around us, monuments indeed, but only monuments of industry. In ten minutes we turned a corner, and were in a street laid out by the Romans, excavated by them from the solid stone on which the city was built. All was in contrast with what we had seen. The people walked leisurely along, looking fair-faced and round, and very well contented with the world. Stores were thick on both sides, but the customers went in and out in a quiet way, and made their demands in no feverish haste. The tradesmen stood behind the counters and folded

their parcels with the deliberation of former days. A few cabs were in the street, but the drivers did not leap from their seats and throng us in the modern way, when they saw from our dress and faces that we were strangers; but leaned forward with an easy, neighborly air, and whispered, "A cab, gentlemen?" The boys even played in the streets in a soft and gentle way, and the very dogs seemed to walk with a demure look, as though the credit of Chester rested upon them. The houses, too, stood meek and venerable, as if their work was done, and they were to stand and look quietly at the generations as they pass, while the on-coming generations tread lightly and walk slowly as they go by the old homes.

Of course it is the houses which attract attention first. That you are walking along an old Roman road is a thing which you can hardly realize; but there is no such thing as being insensible to the charm and the claims of those old dwellings. Can you imagine a street dotted with houses tenfold more curious than the "Old Feather Store" of Boston? If you can, you can imagine what Chester is in one of its features. You enter Fore Gate Street, let me suppose, as our little party did. On the opposite side of the way you read on almost every other door those quaint names of comfortable inns with which our old English literature is filled. Here is the Royal Oak Tavern, there the Old Nag's Head, anon the Bear and Billet. Will you step into the Hop-pole Inn, or will you break a little bread and Cheshire cheese at the Liver, or lunch at the Dog and Duck, or, better still, go down to the Yacht Inn and take a chop in the room where Dean Swift once purposed to dine with the clergy of Chester, but every man failed to meet him there? You have heard of that? And you have heard, have you not, how the irascible Dean went to the window of the Yacht, and wrote with his diamond ring upon the glass,

"Rotten without and mouldering within,
This place and its clergy are near akin"?

The pane of glass containing the spleeny couplet was broken about three months ago, and the people of Chester are no doubt well pleased, and the clergymen of Chester better yet.

But in looking up an inn we have wandered away from Fore Gate Street. Cast your eye up the way, and you shall see one of the gates of the city, where the wall crosses the street. We will go to the East Gate. It is quite new, having been built not over eighty years ago. You step into a little recess from the street, where a flight of stone stairs leads you to the top of Chester Wall, here about twenty-five feet high. You are now on a wall which, though it is to-day in entire repair, and runs around the city with not a broken stone, was built by the Romans not many years after Christ, and on the foundations of another wall, erected earlier still by the ancient Britons. It is two miles long, and makes a most pleasant walk. It is broad enough for three to walk comfortably abreast. It passes through the very shadow of the Cathedral, rising most grim and ancient, not beautiful, but impressive in its very strength and massiveness; it runs on yet farther, and displays the remains of its ancient towers,—among which is one which interests you much, for it is that one whereon Charles stood and witnessed the defeat of his army on Rowtōn Moor. Down the steps of that tower the king hasted when his hopes were lost, and that tall form hurried along this wall where you now stand. Within plain sight, not a mile distant, stands the house in which Cromwell dwelt during the siege.

It would be pleasant, at least for me, reader, to take you with me during this walk around the ancient city on its walls, and point out what would, I am sure, interest you. We should pass the old drilling-ground of the Roman legions; we should pass close under the walls of the old castle; we should have a landscape view hardly surpassed by any in the world; while ever and anon, as we walked over the city gates, we should have glimpses of those queer

old streets and houses, which would make us almost feel that we were communing with the unburied Past.

You have heard of the Rows of Chester? If not, you should; for I do not know that anything in street architecture more strange and comic is offered in the world. In some places they are formed by removing the front room of the lower story of successive houses, while the upper stories project like a piazza, and are supported by beams which reach the outer edge of the sidewalk. In some streets a front room is taken out of the second story of successive houses, the third is supported by beams resting upon the lower one, and thus a public walk is carried through the successive houses, fifteen feet above the street. It would be a very good arrangement for our climate; for the pedestrian has a perpetual umbrella over him when it rains, and a perpetual parasol to protect him from the summer's sun. The people have, indeed, a fair and pale look, as though this constant shelter were unnatural, and unfavorable to the best development of the body and the freest circulation of the blood. But the convenience of these Rows of Chester is certain, and a most pleasant place to walk and observe are they. Of course the side towards the street is open, except that a slight railing prevents the absent-minded ones from stepping out upon the carriages that rattle over the pavement below. The side away from the street is lined with shops of all kinds, and among them those of booksellers are frequent, and speak loudly in praise of the culture and literary turn of the people of modern Chester.

After our party had rambled for some time,— had “counted the gates and told the towers” of the city, had wandered admiringly through these strange old Rows,— I noticed that the objects which excited especial admiration were the attractive windows of the green-grocers and well-decorated apartments of the pastry-cooks and confectioners. A little while after, on glancing around at one of the most sentimental ladies of our party, I detected a loving glance

bestowed on a finely-dressed leg of mutton hanging at the door of a meat-shop. This, reader, you may have remarked, is a most significant sign, and to me it was as true as the barometer to the face of the sky, that the party would not in that frame of mind profit by a visit to the Cathedral. On taking sundry other observations, the fact was plainly evident that the ladies were passing into that state of mind and feeling when the sight of the dinner-table would be more full of romance and poetry and life than all the antiquities of Chester. A remark of mine, that one in the midst of all these fine testimonials of the past is lifted above all the common cares and wants of life, and is sublimely indifferent to meat and drink, was received with evident disgust. So we ignobly went off to dinner.

Well, thought I, if we must leave all this for such a purpose, we will at least search out the most attractive, cosey, picturesque inn that we can find, and imagine ourselves at an old Chester dinner. So we found the very place, nestling right under the corner of East Gate, with such a quaint, good-natured, inviting look that it did not seem an ignoble or unworthy change of the antique without for the antique within. The landlady had one of those broad, red, wholesome faces that one wishes to see, and expects to see, in an English landlady. The maid who waited at the table had a bright, clear face, and, what was better, a modest countenance. The windows were filled with flowers, and the walls a little overburdened with pictures; but that is a good fault. The furniture was massive and dark with age, and, in short, we had fallen upon just the place to enjoy a dinner in. And when the potatoes came in, hot and steaming, and the chop appeared, tender and juicy, and the golden Cheshire butter, with the whitest of loaves, was set hard by, it did not cost a single struggle to become reconciled to the present order of things. At length we overcame the dinner, and, with smiling countenances and merry hearts, paid the bill, and set out again to see Chester Cathedral. But the green-

grocers' windows had lost their attractive look. The shops of the pastry-cooks were no longer explored with sharp, inquisitorial glance; and the whole carcasses of sheep which graced the doors of provision-stores and markets had lost the power to rivet the gaze and awaken the longings of three sentimental American ladies that day in Chester.

I suppose a visitor to Chester ought to go into raptures about its Cathedral, and I have known some to do so; but for one, I shall do no such thing. It is massive, venerable, and time-worn; to some it may be awe-inspiring. But in size it does not come up to the proportions of a first-class cathedral, nor in beauty does it equal many a quiet English church. In many things it is rude and unfinished; and though there is little that is heathenish in its carvings or devices, yet there is a lack of those things which strongly kindle the feelings and awaken admiration. It has its beauties, it is true; its cloister and court are perfect; its choir is so rich in its oak carving that it makes even the never-to-be-forgotten choir of St. Paul's fade in comparison; while its aspect from the city wall combines strength with age, and, viewed from that point, it is almost majestic. There is a rare curiosity hanging in its library, which would well repay an American for a visit there, if the massive tower and the beautiful carvings of the choir did not. I speak of two banners borne by the English troops at the battle of Bunker's Hill. One is of silk, and is tattered and fading; the other is of poorer stuff, and is still whole and untouched by a ball. I asked the sexton what proof he could give that they were in that memorable battle. "Because they belonged to the twenty-second regiment," he answered, "and there is not an officer of the twenty-second who cannot tell you, if you ask him, where every one of the old banners of his regiment is kept." This seemed definite and authentic; and I felt that with a reasonable assurance I might think that the banners which inspired the British with courage on that memorable day, and led them on with such a dauntless air that even their enemies were con-

strained to admire, were there before me in the chapter-house of Chester Cathedral.

And now, with one object of interest more, reader, I will leave you and Chester. In walking along Bridge Street, and wondering at the grotesque carving of its old houses, I spied over the doorway of a store, whose windows were filled with mugs and plates and all kinds of pottery, the words, "Roman Bath." This must be a curiosity, thought I; and on going in to inquire, I found that only a short time since, during some excavations, a real Roman bath had been disclosed, and was now exhibited in a perfect state of preservation. A little girl went below to light the gas, and I followed to wonder. At the foot of a gentle flight of steps there was a basin about ten feet long, five wide, and eight deep, partly filled with water. The stones were in perfect preservation, and nothing showed that the masonry was wrought eighteen hundred years ago. The water continues to run into it, and when it reaches a certain height is conveyed away, as when the Romans of ancient Chester used it. In another apartment you may see a sweating-bath, the place for fire still as marked as though the old flames yet curled up, the pillars still standing which supported the old stone floor on which the bather lay, the floor itself perfect as ever, — in one word, a Roman bath, in the same condition for use as ever, in the cellar of a crockery shop in Chester. Not a year passes but some relic of Rome is discovered, though few are so perfect as this old bath.

But it is useless to try to touch even upon the antiquities of Chester. If I have said anything in this letter to awaken the interest of those who may be, some day, tourists like myself, it is all that I have laid out. Chester is neglected by Americans, because it does not lie on the main line from Liverpool to London; yet a ride of an hour from Liverpool carries you there, and Chester is well worth that hour's ride

And so farewell, thou rare old city of Chester.

W.

THE EVER-PRESENT CHRIST.

WE are accustomed to speak of Christ as having passed into the heavens, and separated himself from us. He left his religion — this is the conception — behind him. He left also his example; and that is all. The living, operative Christ is no more on earth; and till we ascend up where he dwelleth, we shall never be permitted to enjoy his society, sympathy, and aid.

But is it indeed so? Have we only a dead Christ? Can we look at him only through the cold, bleak heavens, and as a distant and unapproachable being?

There is a presumption, on the threshold, against the truth of this view. When we think of the Redeemer, the heart always craves his personal presence. Every church, so far as it has possessed any spiritual life, has plead for a near and intimate communion with its great Head. It was so in the Reformation; Luther, Melancthon, Knox, Zwingle, all the leading men in that movement, dwelt continually on a living and ever-present Christ. This has been the great anchor which held martyr, confessor, missionary, and saint in all ages. And have these, an uncounted multitude, who thought their Saviour verily at their side in the dark hours of trial, conflict, and grief, been grasping a mere phantom?

I know it is said by many, We do not need a present Redeemer; all we want is the aid of our omnipotent Father. To him we look and pray; of his helpful love we are always sure; and why ask for anything more?

But this argument proves too much; for if *we* do not need a present Saviour, neither was one necessary at all. God might have left the world as it had been from the beginning. The idea that "the Word" must be "made flesh, and dwell among men," was a delusion. Christ, born of Mary, living, teaching, and bleeding on the cross, was a superfluity.

The world before Christ did not argue in this way; heart and flesh, age after age, cried out for a personal manifestation of the living God. He seemed too distant for their apprehension, their faith, and their love. They pleaded for a Saviour who should be born of God, and yet shine forth here below with a face radiating the Father.

Then, again, Christ is the Head of the Church, confessed on all sides to be its Head to-day no less than before his bodily ascension. But would the Father, by any probability whatever, take away the very Lord and Master, and leave the disciple a forlorn wanderer? Would he erect this noble edifice, the Christian temple, and then remove its corner-stone from beneath it?

Yet more, it could not be but Jesus himself *desired* to be personally present with his followers in every age. His deep interest in our conversion and progress must have led him to yearn for a place around our path and about our pillow. He would fain whisper, ever and anon, a cheering word to his fainting followers, and breathe out a holy influence upon them. And the Father loved his dear Son too well to deny him that blessed privilege.

Nor is there, as some imagine, any intrinsic difficulty in this nearness of Christ. He would not come as a cloud between us and the Father, dimming the light of his countenance, or drawing our hearts away from the love and the worship of God. On the contrary, he is a perfectly translucent medium. As an eminent Biblical critic once said to the writer in Germany, holding up at the time a glass of water before him, "Christ transmits the light and love of God as freely as this water does the sunbeam."

If Christ was born as the New Testament describes, he must be, not what we are, but "a blood relation," so to speak, of the very God, and therefore he can continue his presence with us as no mere mortal could. If he is the brightness of the glory of God, instead of interfering with the Father, he is now and forever one with him, streaming

down upon us with an effulgence inseparable from that of the ever-living One.

We feel always the need of persons about us ; they exert an influence for which we can find no substitute whatever. The face of a friend imparts a power, strength, cheer, and solace to which no other can be compared. Better than his writings, more effective than the most confiding of letters, is his own presence. Are we compelled to forego this in our relations to Christ ? With no epistle from his hand, with not a line he ever penned, must we sit down and feed ourselves spiritually with his abstract qualities, with a cold record written by others, and written merely about him, or written even, every page of it, by the finger of inspiration ? No, we want the Inspirer himself constantly with us.

And this the New Testament assures us we have. True, indeed, so far as the senses are concerned, Christ went away from his disciples. No more did they look on those beaming features, or hear those thrilling tones. But Christ himself, that mysterious and Divine presence, he promised should be near them. "Lo, I am with you always."

He knew well the power of this assurance ; he foresaw that, when he was taken from them in the flesh, their hearts would sink within them. And so it proved ; the hour soon came in which they could only recall his cheering voice from the caverns of memory.

"It fell, and fainted, and, like music past,
Hung in the ear, as some memorial song,
That will not leave us while we walk among
Old scenes, — although they whom we prized of yore
Now live, or haunt those pleasant spots no more."

But the branches could not live when severed from the vine. Jesus did not separate himself from his disciples. He fulfilled his gracious promise : "I will not leave you comfortless ; I will come again." When he had risen, and after he ascended on high, he showed himself still ; he gave them a mouth and a wisdom to gainsay their adversaries,

and shed on them spiritual gifts and miraculous endowments.

Nor was his presence confined to the Apostles; he was seen by Stephen when stoned to death, and by Paul at his conversion, and again when he gave him a special revelation, and on other occasions. He promised "another Comforter," who should abide with his disciples forever; that Comforter came; it was his own presence manifested as it had before been when he breathed on the Apostles, and said, "Receive ye the Holy Spirit." On the day of Pentecost, when three thousand had been converted, Peter affirmed it was through the agency of Christ. "Having received," said he, "of the Father the Holy Spirit, he," Jesus, "hath shed forth this which ye now see and hear." Thus was his presence unlimited as respected numbers.

It was equally so in regard to time. His last prayer was, not for those at that moment before him alone, but for all who in future ages should believe on him through their word,—"that they may be one," is his language, "even as we are one, I in them and thou in me." His mediatorial office, according to that Apostle who communed with him so often in person after his ascension, was to continue on to the end of all things, even until he had "put down all rule, authority, and power" opposed to himself. To accomplish this mighty work he must be, not away in the distant heavens, but with, and in, his own Church; for neither body nor spirit can operate where they are not present.

But many still contend that Christ has gone forever from this world. They tell us that when his religion was established, then miracles ceased, and then the Wonder-worker was no more with his followers. It has even been affirmed that the touching expression, "If a man love me, my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him," is "a mere figure of speech! The Father and the Son," it is said, "do not come to men personally;

they are only manifested in their moral being, present to the heart. And this," it is said, furthermore, "is a more intimate acquaintance, and a far more inspiring union, than could be formed by mere personal intercourse."

I do not and cannot so regard the Lord Jesus. This view of him, which not only banishes *him* from our presence, but makes our union with the Father "a mere figure of speech," seems to me as fatal in its moral effects as it is repugnant to the Scriptures. If the primitive disciples needed his presence and influence, we do still more. They — many of them, certainly — had enjoyed his society once, and the memory of his form and his voice might perhaps have sufficed their spiritual necessities. But no such memories are ours; and, with no faith in his personal presence, the heart must often feel a void which neither doctrine nor precept, neither the letter nor yet the spirit of Christ can fill. In our highest moments we yearn for a near intercourse with our beloved Master; we plead that he may himself come, and restore his blessed kingdom to the Israel of our affections.

Now it is no part of wisdom to repel such desires and aspirations. On the contrary, "Christ, not a dead Christ, such as is hung up in those mausoleums called cathedrals, but the living, reigning Christ of heaven and earth, living and reigning in every human heart that opens its everlasting gates to this "King of glory," should be cherished by the wise men of the West, as the wise men of the East brought unto him, when a babe, "gifts and gold and frankincense and myrrh."

The intellect, it is true, may sometimes remonstrate, and, Nicodemus-like, ask: "How can this be? What proof is there that the once ascended Redeemer ever returned again to earth? How can he be present to the great company of his followers at once?" But we forget on how many other points we should have no religious faith at all, if we waited until the understanding could clear everything up. What

is God? and where? How did he begin to exist? How can he exercise any providence over us? We cannot answer these questions; and yet we *believe* in God, in his self-existence and his providence. Philosophy requires us to admit all facts in the spiritual world, as we do in the material, even though we cannot as yet explain them. Indeed, we do and must receive many truths of religion, as we constantly do truths on moral subjects, notwithstanding some difficulties attending them which no finite mind can perfectly solve. Enough for us that the heart craves a present Saviour, and that Jesus has uttered language which means plainly that he would continue with his Church through all ages, and would minister to the individual soul.

"Without me," are his own words, "ye can do nothing." And so it has always proved. Make God an impersonal existence, and you slide into a subtle pantheism. Put Christ far from you, and you lose the very germ of his power and sway in your heart. It is remarkable how these doctrines run side by side. He who denies the personality of the Deity, and resolves the Eternal One into mere law, or an unconscious force, will deny also that Jesus Christ stood, either by nature or inspiration, essentially higher than Pythagoras, Plato, or Confucius. And we cannot retain firmly the likeness of a Father in heaven, beaming with love and exercising a personal guardianship over us, and still join in the insane interrogatory, "What," in any special manner, "have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth?"

The truth set forth thus imperfectly lies, I believe, at the foundation of a spiritual prosperity. A belief in it would quicken and energize the whole Christian community. This age, absorbed as it is in science and material nature, needs to see a personal Redeemer. Not one who died eighteen hundred years ago, and went up to the skies to sit forever there, inactive and unconcerned for our salvation. We need to know and feel that he is on earth now, an unseen

yet real presence. Such a faith would take our hearts off from this consuming worldliness, this insane devotion to gain, fashion, party, power, — to sin and death, — and fix them on the ever near and ever dear Saviour of our souls.

If the world needs it, the Church does still more. Why are even the professed followers of Christ so cold and numb? Among other causes, *this* is prominent. We imagine ourselves following a dead Master; not one that "ever liveth," and is now with us, — a glorified, invisible, yet actual presence. Did we believe this, these drowsy souls would start from their slumbers, and go forth full of life, full of love, full of work. As one looks out on the so-called Christian world, he sees in many quarters, not the bright Sun of Righteousness, calling forth life, bloom, vigor, health, but the dim twilight, as it were, of some arctic region. The great luminary of the Church is below the horizon, and we are wedged in the thick ice of a natural religion, our faces pale, our limbs rigid, death in our central being, and sterility all around us. When are we to leave this polar sea, and waft our way to the warm skies of a living faith? When shall we combine an earnest piety with a broad, sincere charity? Then, when we can each say, from the depths of our being, Jesus Christ, God-irradiated, God-exhibiting, is now at my side, the light of my eyes, the loved of my heart, the law of my very life.

The professed Church of Christ now sees him, in how many cases, as the half-recovered blind man saw "trees walking." What she needs is to open her eyes fully, and she could behold the Lord shining round about her like the sun. She would look him in the face, listen to his word, and march on under this Captain of her salvation, scattering light in her way, her allies gathering in from all lovers of humanity, marching on, freedom and joy in her rear, and to all upholders and enactors of evil terrible as an army with banners.

The individual needs our doctrine. If we could each but

realize that Christ is with us, it would purify, exalt, and hallow our whole mortal course. God help us to the precious faith that He who so loved those saintly friends at Nazareth, Bethany, and Jerusalem, loves us also; that he is ever on our right hand and our left, strengthening each good purpose, helping us in the dread conflict with sense and sin, pointing us to the cross, and whispering those words of cheer, "By this we conquer."

A. B. M.

"PUT MONEY IN THY PURSE."

Put money in thy purse. And what is money?
The representative of all commodity,
The sign of the exchange of good for good,
Of mutual interest in the living truth,
Of merchandise in purest gems and gold,
Whose worth the fire has tested; pearls like dew,
Clear as the waters of the "sea of glass,"
Bought to be sold for the one pearl of price.

The miser uses not his hoarded coins;
The spendthrift wastes his means, and loses all
That he receives for money; only he
That knows the uses of the things he buys
Spends money well; he only truly trades,
Who, while acquiring goodness, truth, and power,
Gives them to others, and from them receives
Such things as he is giving by his life.

Put money in thy purse in this high sense;
Make thy life good to others, and thus make
Their lives all good to thee; and the exchange
Of life for life shall make thee rich indeed;—
Not in expectancy of good from them,
Not in a sense of their subservience
To the good Providence that works thy good,
Not even in knowing them reciprocal;
But in the bliss of living but to bless.

DIVINE REWARDS.

A SERMON BY REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D. D.

MATTHEW xx. 20-23: — "Then came to him the mother of Zebedee's children, with her sons, worshipping him, and desiring him, Grant that these my two sons may sit, the one on thy right hand, and the other on the left, in thy kingdom. But Jesus answered and said, Ye know not what ye ask. Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with? They say unto him, We are able. And he saith unto them, Ye shall drink indeed of my cup, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with; but to sit on my right hand, and on my left, is not mine to give."

WITH a dim perception of his objects, and a feeble feeling of his divinity, but with sincerity, these two disciples had attached themselves to Christ's company and to his fortunes. Something in that wonderful person and ministry — they hardly yet know what it is — has drawn them honestly to him, and the attachment grows with a growing intimacy every day. But presently there creeps in a thought for their private position, which is the first form of selfishness; and then a thought for their national ambition and revenge, — damaging the whole-heartedness and beauty of their devotion. They are loyal to the great and good Master they have found; but they are not yet Christlike enough to forget that his imperial ascendancy will probably bring with it their own promotion. They really mean to be true to his interests; but they are not so far spiritualized as not to be thinking that they can at the same time serve his interests and advance their own. They are following, but following half unconsciously for a personal reward.

Christ's answer is not for these seekers of office only, nor for place-hunters in our day only, but for all men who would think of being Christians for a compensation, in whatever form we give that compensation shape, — in a secular civilization, in public prosperity, in agreeable society, in our neighbor's confidence, votes, trade, esteem, or in personal happiness. He says, You may drink of my cup, which will often be bitter; you may be baptized with my baptism,

which may be one of fire and blood: but you are not to think of honors and rewards: those are all of so different a sort, and are to come in ways so different from those you dream of now, that, if I were to tell you what they are, you would only marvel and doubt. Wait! think nothing about sitting on my right and my left, in my new kingdom, which is even far newer and stranger than you imagine. Follow on in my path. Do all the daily work of a disciple. Take up my cross and learn what its great redemption means. Warm and enlarge your hearts with my Holy Spirit. Be concerned about your service and sacrifice, not about the recompense.

This introduces the doctrine of Divine Rewards. For what reason is Christ to be sought? Out of what motive is his will to be done? Is it because he has the power to make us miserable, and the power to make us happy? and so is it for the hope of getting payment, or for the fear of getting punished, — which are only opposite sides of one and the same principle, — or is it from another reason altogether: viz. out of the affection, the reverence, the trust, and the gratitude due to his divinity and awakened in us by his goodness? As the answer to these questions affects the very motive out of which men begin and pursue a religious life, or refuse to do so, the subject is of course abundantly practical. Is not one of the main reasons why Christian faith exercises such an imperfect power among men, that they misapprehend the sort of advantage they may expect to get from it?

There appear to be three principal desires which direct attention to religious truth. The first of these, and the lowest in the order of moral purity, is a want of personal comfort. Those actuated by this motive have heard that religion makes life happier, — eases its burdens, lightens its labors, heals its pain, and, generally, gratifies the sensibilities. That is, on the whole, it will be a pleasanter thing to live with some religious emotion and protection than without.

The idea that this pleasure will be of a higher character than sensual or worldly pleasure is not entirely forgotten; but it is secondary. Comfort first, nobleness afterwards. And so this class, deciding that they will get more happiness from religion than by any other process, go in search of a religion.

The second want is that of moral guidance, or a rule to act by, and is of a much higher grade than the first. Persons under this motive, having got clear of a supreme concern for comfort, look out on life as a school for training in right exercises, and for the practice of the virtues. They are conscious of being under the weight of a tremendous law, or command, which they must obey. Their interpretation of Christianity is summed up in the maxim to keep the commandment. But the world is a perplexed scene, they find. One way of doing right seems to conflict with another way. The paths cross and recross each other. It is a tangled labyrinth. A thousand questions of casuistry come up. The problems are hard to solve. Too much is thrown on a short-sighted intellect and an infirm heart. Besides, duty as duty, by compulsion, is not inspiring, but drudgery. God's law, even if known, can never be perfectly kept, but is broken somewhere by fallen man continually. From sheer inability to do the right thing, at the right time, in the right way, such persons go to religion to help out their deficiencies; but they go to it rather reluctantly, as to a rule,—not as an inspiration, nor for love of it.

The third want is of a different character. It has no regard to selfish satisfaction whatever, whether by agreeable emotions, or the complacencies of good performance, or exemption from the fear of penalty for bad performance. It is, so to speak, a want of giving and loving,—of giving to the Lord what the soul feels belongs to him,—affection and gratitude: a want of loving, and of rendering all the hearty service that love inspires. It is a spiritual aspiration. It would pour out freely and forever the spontaneous tribute

of a glad and self-forgetful spirit. It does not stop to inquire so much about the pleasure to be got out of piety, nor about the commands that apply to conduct. It springs straight up by an impulse whose proper name is faith, and puts the whole heart into the keeping of the Holy One, to let him have it, and mould it, and fashion it as he will. Meditating on the Divine excellence and mercy and sacrifice, it feels that He is the irresistible object of a devotion uncalculating and unlimited, which it would be impossible to keep back. It ceases to calculate, and hardly even prays to be made happy. It is the desire of an harmonious and affectionate union with God in the reconciling and forgiving Spirit of the Saviour.

Here are three motives sending men to religion. After their simple statement, no man needs to be informed which is the loftiest and best. Not that each of them is necessarily free from all intermixture with the others. They may be blended in different degrees. But one of them is likely, in every case, to predominate strongly over the other two ; and so each of them is represented among us by a distinct class of persons, with specimens that all of us have seen,—the religionists of self-gratification, the religionists of moral obedience, and the religionists of spiritual aspiration and affection, or of faith.

Next, be reminded that these three different wants spring up from different places, or faculties, in our nature.

The first comes from a mixture of natural instinct and shrewdness, which we commonly call by the suspicious name of self-interest. When that feeling turns to religion, it acts in different constitutions in various ways, from the hypocrite who puts on the profession of Christianity and goes through its ceremonies merely as a means of advancement or social currency in a Christian community, up to the sincere and aching sufferer, who applies to the New Testament, precisely as he would to a medical adviser, to be rid of pain. Between these are many degrees of char-

acter: the dishonest formalist, deserving nothing but disgust, — the bereaved mourner, or the victim of misfortune, or treachery, or disease, who carries an agonized and dissatisfied heart to the Bible for a cure, and is to be met in a spirit of tender compassion. But none the less is it a serious question for every one of us, how far self-interest, in any of its shapes, is at the bottom of our religious pretensions; because just so far as it is, these pretensions are hollow, — we are on the wrong road, and are estranged from the large and beautiful soul of our Lord, whose greatest work is sacrifice, and whose name is Love.

The second want comes from the region of the conscience. Conscience exacts obedience. It refers to a law. It speaks of the irreconcilable opposition between what is right and what is wrong. It is the seat of morality, and governs all our moral action. It is the noble faculty that rules by divine right over the appetites, and even the understanding. All honor to obedience simply as obedience, — to duty as duty, — to men and women who try to find out God's command and keep it. They are not far from the kingdom of heaven, and keeping on shall surely come there. Among the nobilities and glories of religious character, this is next to the very highest, and second only to the life of love. No man can be a complete or Christian man who slights conscience. It is what regulates most of our human intercourse and social relationships. It girds up business and amusements, commerce and personal habits, with mighty restraints, checking all manner of excess, forbidding fraud, and instigating many righteous deeds. Its demands are just, and it has a right to be satisfied. Nor can those be mistaken who go to the Saviour to satisfy it. For it can be thoroughly enlightened, and kept quick-sighted, nowhere but in him. Yet this need not make us confound the religion of conscience, which is somewhat legal and rigid alone, with the religion of spiritual aspiration and affection, — of Christ's faith.

The want of this third kind originates, not in the understanding, nor the passions, nor the conscience, but in the soul and the soul's peculiar activity, — especially, as was said, in its love, its trust, and its gratitude. These do not so much send us out in search of a religion; for love, trust, gratitude, directed to the soul's Saviour, constitute the Christian religion. They are the thing itself, in its divinest purity and dignity. Filial love, trust, gratitude, rising to the Father, are greater than anything a servant in the bondage of the law can know, and more glorious than the fairest form of self-interest. They are the peculiar brightness and power of the Christian style of religion. They exalt the faith of Jesus over every other principle. They bind the heart in generous and immortal fellowship with him who is the Light and Life.

It becomes evident enough how out of these three fountains flow three sorts of religious life, as distinct from one another as their sources are. One we may call the religion of calculation, the second the religion of duty, the third the religion of holy love. This last is pre-eminently the religion of Christ. It is what we find in the New Testament. It is our gospel. Here the willing and affectionate heart, touched by grace, and springing freely up to the Father, adores no longer a judge, but a friend; not a lawgiver merely, but a Redeemer. It takes up all the law, but looks at it in the light of love. It keeps the commandments, but from another motive, — not *as* commandments, but as the will of Him whom it delights to honor, and in whose bosom it longs forever to dwell.

We have now prepared ground from which we can look more clearly at the rewards God promises to those that diligently seek him. They depend, in each case, on the motive and spirit in which we serve him.

First of all, then, religion will never yield its true rewards to those that seek it *for the sake* of its rewards. It deals very frankly with us, having no concern to make proselytes

under false pretences. It is willing we should understand that those who court it for anything else than its Giver's sake will meet perpetual disappointment. Whatever else they may get, it will not be Christian peace. Men may carry their selfishness into their religion, or rather into certain religious formalities and observances, as into everything else. But they will bring away only what they take in. If you espouse the Christian cause only to better your social position, or your business prospects, you will find you have grasped a phantom. You only provide an accumulated fund of shame, against the hour when the secrets of all hearts shall be laid open. Under the pretence of seeking God, you have only put on a mask, and gone on seeking and serving yourself. God has never engaged to be a "rewarder" of such; for it is not *Him* that they seek.

But suppose you rise a step above this covetousness for outward gain, and enter on what is called a religious life for a better kind of comfort, — as, for example, to obtain relief for sorrow, or the satisfaction of self-approval. No man can say that in such cases God may not lead the soul on, through this half-selfish state, into serving him for some more disinterested affection. His compassion is boundless; the very contact of the mind with him in any way is hallowing; and he is willing to save to the uttermost the weary and stricken hearts that lift their eyes from earth to heaven. But just so long and just to the same extent as their motive is personal comfort, they will fail of any glorious reward. I have known persons to be so haunted and scourged by some great grief or suffering, that they were ready to try any new prescription, to get rid of the aching. They begin at the wrong point, with a wrong idea, and cannot succeed. What they need first of all is a renunciation of the worldly and selfish heart they are still carrying in their bosoms, and because it is offensive to the pure God; what they need is repentance and a renewed life inwardly; what they need is the change that will put them at once into thorough recon-

ciliation by faith with the spirit of Christ, fixing their chief interest to a new centre. Gaining this, regardless of comfort, and willing to suffer on, even, if that should be the Divine purpose, so entire is their subjection of unworthy self to the blessed Hand, — saying, with the great-hearted patriarch, “ Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him,” — comfort will come fast enough of itself; and precisely because they did not ask nor think of rewards, — knowing, in fact, that, sinners as they were, they deserved none, and if they had done their very best had done only what it was their duty to do, — the most splendid of all rewards will suddenly appear.

There is a deeper meaning than we sometimes seize in that saying, that God will reward every man “ *according to his works,*” — not merely in proportion to his works, and in some way or other, but in one way, and that way according to his works, in the line of his works, in the kind of them, — love for love, purity for purity, faith for faith, — heaven, which is perfect holiness, for holiness. Precisely in that temper Paul said, “ What is my reward, then, for preaching the gospel? Verily, that when I preach the gospel, I may make the gospel of Christ without charge.” So Christ puts the disinterested spirit at the very centre and core of the whole message: Drink of my cup, be baptized with my baptism, — no matter where you sit, on thrones or footstools! Do good, and lend hoping for nothing again, and your reward shall be great; for ye shall be the children of the Highest.

In this honorable quality, man’s Christian service is not disconnected from his best acts in other lines of life. The higher sentiments answer with Antipater of Macedon, who, being presented with a work on happiness, replied that he had no time to study happiness. Those memorable and inspired deeds that waken the world’s delight, and live on its tongue, are never done for a price. All heroic achievements, the sublime sacrifices of man for man, of ease for right, of

life for love, of self for country, stand clear of calculation for reward. The moment History has to say of a man, "He did it for pay, and took his wages, — he played the hero by bargain," — that moment she strikes him from her catalogue of heroes, and kindles her enthusiasm at other fountains. The friendship that gives blood and breath for a friend, the martyrdom that is borne cheerfully for faith, the patriotism that faces death or crucifixions of feeling worse than death, — these and all of the same high race of magnanimities spring from uncalculating affections. So our instincts demand, and so the facts testify. In these august enterprises of the soul, all thought of recompense, and even of obligation, is gone. Moral revolutions are not brought to market. Oppressed peoples are not set free for a consideration. Terrible wrongs are not righted with an eye to the main chance. A state is never made illustrious by its office-seekers. A church will never "arise and shine, the glory of the Lord being risen upon it," through the agency of those who are ambitious to enjoy its dignities and administer its affairs, — whether Hildebrands and Gregorys, or village popes and parish demagogues. And in the quiet joys of every-day life, and the graces of household devotion, the delicious charm and the beauty never lie in the computed service, but in the willing offering for love's dear sake alone.

If these are the nobilities of man elsewhere, we need not hesitate to recognize them as legitimate in our Christianity. Indeed, it is Christianity that interprets and sanctions them. When we go down into its deeps, through the words of Jesus, or through the lives and confessions of its strongest believers, or through a profound experience, we come to the same discovery. Man is meant to live his best life, not because he must, not because he shall smart and ache if he does not, nor yet because he shall be made happy — he, in his little selfish paradise of personal comfort — if he does. Christ's gospel holds another language, offers a more inspiring doctrine, reads man's deeper soul by a heavenlier lamp.

Its central idea is self-sacrifice. Its everlasting symbol is a cross. Its universal sentiment is love. All its apparatus of punishments and rewards, threats and promises, — which are certainly very real and very frequent, — is to educate us up to that mark, at last. If we are far below it, the law as law must come in to train us up to it. Command, obligation, duty, must rule and discipline us in that elementary stage. The law is our schoolmaster to lead us on to Christ, just as in earthly schools the scholar is taught, by coercion, to live and learn from higher motives. In the framework of a compulsory discipline, he grows up to seek knowledge for its own sake and to study from love of it, which is the highest result of any education. Duties, Christ teaches, must be done as duties, work as work, till in the regenerate spirit of his own self-forgetful devotion we do them spontaneously, or do them even as he died for us, for love.

Here, too, we shall find the peculiar and distinctive ministry which the Christian Revelation brings. Precisely what the world wanted was a being, near, visible, palpable, — good enough, gracious and divine enough, to inspire an affection or a faith of such mighty energy as to breathe in this new motive, and start the moral life of men from a new point. And this came in Christ, our living, suffering Lord. The unseen Jehovah had done much for his people; but in the distant deific Providence man had not seen yet that last and crowning proof of mercy, a willingness to suffer for the beloved's sake. In Christ, in all his humiliation, and most of all at Gethsemane and Calvary, that is embodied. And whosoever has in him the grateful and believing sense of it, is a new creature. He lives again. He lives forever. It is the regeneration. It is the Life Eternal. No more to sit on the right hand or the left of kingly power and splendor, no more for outward reward, no more for fear, no more as a servant obeying the rigorous and literal commandment, but as the loving child, with filial discipleship, he lives for God. All the weighty and striking words of the New Testament

and its new and divine philosophy are fulfilled in him. He walks with Christ, rooted and built up in him. He has put on the Lord Jesus. Christ is verily formed within him, a new creation, a spiritual, personal life, — which is the life of self-forgetful, of more than obedient, of trusting love.

Nor can it be said, to derogate from the virtuous character of this unsordid fidelity, that it is merely impulsive, and partakes of the fitfulness and uncertainty of impulse. To be spontaneous, and to be impulsive, are not the same thing. The acts of the maturest, most rational, most thoroughly disciplined saint, may be just as spontaneous and just as natural as the simplest instincts of the child. It only requires that the inward life shall be so full, so harmonized, and so holy, that its acts shall proceed, as it were, unconsciously from it, by a choice so constant and ready that the mind does not seem even to choose. In fact, this is probably the highest result of religious discipline. Friction ceases. Effort is lost in free allegiance. Only it is now not instinct only, as in infancy, but the instinct of the convicted soul and principled conscience, of the man "born again of the Spirit" into the kingdom of Christ. It differs from the spontaneity of childhood, just as the purity of the man from the purity of the child. It has been tried by temptation, and had its fight with the world. There has been the struggle of passion and the warfare with evil. Between this and that lie all the conflict and trial and agony and experience of the converted heart and the developed life. They differ as Peter the consistent Apostle, fervent and self-renouncing, from Peter the natural man, hot and self-asserting. Command has been obeyed. Law has done its work. But now constraint is swallowed up in the Christlike eagerness of doing good because it is good, and all things for the Father's glory.

The same principle must be applied to the desire of going to heaven as a motive to religious endeavor. Just so far forth as I desire to go to heaven for the sake of any per-

sonal pleasures to be enjoyed there, because it is a place where there is more ease, or an endless round of festivities and happy excitements, so far I degrade the true conception of heaven and prepare a certain disappointment for myself. But if we hope for the next life as a scene of larger spiritual freedom, nobler opportunities, and an escape from all sin and meanness, we are right to long for our immortality. The kingdom of Heaven is a state of spiritual purity, not meat and drink. This is the sense in which Christ always holds out to us the promise of a hereafter. "Set your affections on things above," he says, i. e. noble, exalted, disinterested, divine things, — eternal truth, a Christlike life, God's love, angelic holiness, — not easy, comfortable, pleasant, good-tasting things. When he says, "Your reward shall be great in heaven," he is speaking of disinterested conduct, and he means that its whole consciousness and feeling shall be lofty and serene as heaven, — and he assures the spiritually-minded who have faith in him that they shall have eternal life. But he nowhere offers us heaven as a price for good behavior, as foolish parents, or rather wicked parents, i. e. their children to obey with sweetmeats and toys. It is in no such sense as this that he engages to be a rewarder of them that seek him. The very passage just quoted discredits such a thought; for it says, "If ye love them that love you, what reward have ye?" There must be spontaneous service. The heart must go into it, uncalculating and ungrudging. You must love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, and bless them that curse you, and lend hoping for nothing again. Then you will be children of the Highest; and, precisely because you expected no reward at all, verily your reward shall be great.

There is a striking legend of saintly old Bishop Ivo, who walked with God, and saw through the self-seeking religionists of his time, and longed for larger faith. He describes himself as meeting, one day, a figure in the form of woman, of a sad, earnest aspect, like some prophetess of God, who

carried a vessel of fire in one hand, and of water in the other. He asked her what these things were for. She answered, The fire is to burn up Paradise, and the water is to quench Hell, — that men may henceforth serve their Maker, not from the selfish hope of the one, nor for the selfish fear of the other, but for love of himself alone. God does not consume Paradise, nor quench Hell. He keeps the fountains of sweet and living waters leaping and flowing in the one; he keeps the awful fires of the other burning. But surely all this promise and penalty do not mean that we are to stop in their discipline, and calculate the price of our obedience. O no! Not while the glorious voice of the Apostle rings out over the centuries, "The love of Christ constraineth me: I count all things loss for the excellency of the knowledge of him." Not while the Saviour says to the aspiring heart of the world, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect," "hoping for nothing again."

So we come up at last to those acts of the true religion — our Christian religion — which are done in the faith of the heart; and here we reach the highest view of the Divine rewards, simply because God has made these to be their own reward. The reward is in doing them; in the inevitable feeling that goes along with them, far enough from being set about as the end, but interwoven with them by the gracious bounty that ever surprises faithful souls. With all these true acts and emotions of the really spiritually-minded man, it is precisely as it is with any of those acts of common life that the heart goes most into. You cannot speak of any rewards for the love that is the bond of a true marriage, without insulting those to whom you speak. You cannot connect the notion of compensation, pay, with the affection that twines a child's arms about the mother's neck, or that keeps her waiting, in vigils that outwatch the patient stars, over the child's pain or sin, without profaning that affection. You cannot associate the prospect of a

reward with the heroic humanity which keeps the friendly vessels hanging close, many days and nights, in the frightful companionship of a common peril, to take off the passengers of the imperilled and sinking ship; nor with any generous and brave rescue or sacrifice. Now, to any spiritual estimate, the services of daily piety are as full of the charm and fascination and glory of self-forgetting devotion as any of these. Christ is nearer than wife or husband. The Father in heaven is more real, and infinitely holier and tenderer, than the human mother. All fellow-souls in moral misery or sin need help more urgently than the shipwrecked company. And so, if our piety is real, like Christ's piety, it must be just as self-oblivious, as hearty, as spontaneous and free, as that. And then it will have a more unspeakable, glorious, infinite reward.

These, then, are the Divine Rewards. They are rewards in kind. They are large just according to the spirituality of our lives, the zeal of our worship, the strength of our faith. They are interior, not visible. They are incidental, not sought. They are of nobleness, rather than of happiness. Sometimes "the Rewarder of them that diligently seek him" will reward the true Christian soul by giving him a strengthening and encouraging consciousness of harmony with the Divine will; sometimes by taking him out from under the power of temptation, or a straitened self-accusation, and setting his feet in a large place; sometimes by redoubling his spiritual energy and quickening his Christian activity, breathing a prompter zeal into all the secret forces of his being, through the unseen agencies of the Holy Spirit; sometimes by giving him a blessed sense of renunciation, of having given up all to Him to whom all of right belongs, together with an exalted sense of liberty from all limitations of appetite and ambition; sometimes by affording us greater satisfaction in our appointed struggles and our every-day drudgery; and sometimes, too, by granting us — provided we do not ask it too eagerly, as if it were better for us than

toil — an inward peace, or rest from care and from strife and from fear, passing all understanding, — such as the world never gave.

I have read of a devoted sister of charity, who, year after year, attended a division of the army of France in every campaign, to care for the wounded and watch with the sick. Her energy, courage, gentleness, and presence of mind saved many lives, and gained her the reverence and admiration of officers and men. On the field of slaughter and agony, her impartial, Christlike compassion made no distinction between her own people and the enemy; and three foreign empires — Russia, Austria, and Prussia — conferred upon her crosses of honor. From her own nation it was contrary to the rules of her order that she should receive any badge or decoration, as a reward for her services. But the gratitude of the generous soldiers found out a way to remunerate her as beautiful as it was appropriate. Knowing well whence her lofty pleasures sprang, they petitioned and obtained for her, from the Minister of War, the privilege of pardoning, every year, two criminals condemned to death. This is what I mean by rewards *in kind*. It gives us, I think, some feeble conception of what may be the noble joy and the spiritual recompense of heaven.

“For when the power of imparting good
Is equal to the will, the human soul
Requires no other heaven.”

“If we love one another, God dwelleth in us.”

But, O greater mystery yet, which faith must still accept or die, — for God leads us to himself through ways that we know not, — he rewards us sometimes, in his deepest love, only by setting us to the performance of larger and harder tasks; only by beckoning us on to steeper heights, with sharper rocks, where we must climb; only by handing down to us grander opportunities of endurance; only by calling us on and up; with his own animating voice, to some more splendid,

because more grievous sacrifices. These also, to the truly brave and truly consecrated heart, are rewards. On the heads of some of his children God sets special sufferings as crowns of honor, as signs what great things he has yet in reserve for them, because he will make these crosses ladders of light whereby they shall ascend nearer to himself. And to all that are truly his, when he would give his greatest reward, he gives himself, the Holy Spirit, in his Son. Or, if we will have it set in music, we shall find it in a brave and lofty hymn of Francis Xavier:—

“My God, I love thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby;
Nor because they who love thee not
Must burn eternally.

“Thou, O my Jesus, thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;—
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace,
And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,—
E'en death itself,—and all for one
Who was thine enemy!

“Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
Shall I not love thee well,
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Or of escaping hell,—
Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward,—
But as thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord!”

It is well to seek salvation;—that old phraseology is not mistaken. Only we must remember salvation is not a thrifty, self-promoting concern, by which we just graze and enter the gates of Eden, and get somehow landed in a place of comfort, where there is no hard work. Christian salvation is a spiritual state, here or hereafter, where nobler and heartier

service can be done for God and man. That is a weighty saying of St. Augustine: "God counts among the reprobate not only those who have received their comfort on earth, but those who grieve because they have not." It is right to exhort men to make sure their calling and election in heaven. Only, we must remember, heaven is not a spot to lie down in, and there, on our couches, tuning our harps, to think how much misery we have personally escaped. The Christian heaven is an exalted society of self-sacrificing spirits, bound together in mutual fellowship by their common consecration to Him who is above them, where each accepted soul will go from strength to strength, run and not be weary, toil and not faint, aspire and not be baffled, do good and not be misinterpreted, and will be assimilated in ever closer and closer affinity to Him who is its Light and Life, in whom whosoever liveth and believeth shall never die.

Reconsider, then, I pray you, whether, having all broken the heavenly command so often and so long, we can so much as speak or think of compensation at all; or, if we do, whether it will not vitiate all our aims. Let us fearlessly carry our standard beyond the old line of our inferior moods. Let us speak and think rather of service, of grateful aspiration, of devout trust, of unselfish love. Readjust your measurements of the honors and deservings of the heart. And if any of us find we are asking for a religion that shall make us comfortable, or put us at ease, be sure we are asking, out of a false spirit, what no reverential prayer should dare to petition, — what cannot be, — and we are no longer in a posture to receive the Master's gifts, nor the favor of our God. For of our Christian religion the badge is a cross, — even as self-forgetfulness is the spirit, love is the motive, disinterestedness is the principle, faith is the inmost spring, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ" the first lesson and the last.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

WELCOME! welcome! glorious day,
Which gave Messiah birth!
Angels! waft to your starry bowers
The choral songs of earth.
The soul — the free, free soul — shakes off
The fettering chains of sin;
The crystal gates of bliss are oped,
To let the ransomed in.

Ye floods, lift up your voices now;
O clap your hands, ye hills!
A glory resteth on the isles, —
The sea and land it fills.
Earth, earth sends forth a thrilling shout,
The blue skies echo back; —
Light, golden light, is resting now
On the Redeemer's track.

In the far wilds of Palestine
Breaks forth a joyous cry,
Prepare! prepare! a King, a King
Leaves the bright courts on high!
Heaven's host with sparkling lyres bend low,
The angel's song to pour, —
"Glad tidings we bring down to earth,
Now, now and evermore!"

He comes! he comes! the Prince of Peace,
God's well-beloved Son:
Nor gems nor costly robes adorn
Christ, Christ, the Anointed One!
Yet, lo! the star-led Magi bring
Rich gold and spices sweet,
And, kneeling, worship and adore
At the Redeemer's feet.

Shall we for whom the angels sang
 The chorus of the skies, —
 Shall we for whom, in the deep waste,
 Were heard the prophet's cries,
 Proclaiming to the guilt-stained soul,
 "Repent and be forgiven," —
 Shall we refuse to crown him King,
 This Lord of earth and heaven ?

Star ! star of our salvation ! still
 Shine on, shine on forever :
 Messiah, let thy kingdom come,
 And pass away, O never !
 Till the ransomed of the earth go forth,
 With songs and shouts of praise, —
 One temple and one altar shrine
 To God the Father raise.

* * *

 THE POET.

As one who 'midst a choir alone doth sing,
 When voices harsh fill all his soul with pain,
 So that from even a note he would refrain,
 And flee away as with a dove's swift wing,
 Yet for Religion's sake you see him stay,
 And try to raise her service what he may ; —
 So doth the Poet live amidst his age !
 Though at the first his lyre he scarce can hear,
 He does not drown its discords in his rage,
 Nor fly where they will not offend his ear ;
 But for their very sakes who spoil his songs,
 His heaven-taught strain he more and more prolongs ;
 Till one by one they with his pæan blend,
 And all in one harmonious concert end.

J. V.

RANDOM READINGS.

THE BROOKLYN PULPIT.

"WHAT has given such power to the Brooklyn pulpit?" was pertinently asked at the last annual meeting of the American Unitarian Association. The Brooklyn pulpit answers for itself:—

"Here, then, is the teaching of the New Testament in respect to the Lord Jesus Christ: God, looking in love upon his family upon earth, descended into the world, clothed his soul in the habiliments of the flesh, subjected it to the conditions of natural law, lived among men, loved them, taught them, suffered and died for them, was raised up out of death and the grave, went up on high, has received all power again, being restored to the glory which he had with God from the foundation of the world, and now lives to make intercession for us. That is my creed and belief in respect to the Lord Jesus Christ.

"In view of this, I remark that, as it is by the *personal* power of the Lord Jesus Christ upon the hearts of his children that he works all goodness in them, so all attempts to live a religious life which leave out this living, personal, present sympathy of the Christ-heart with our human heart, will be relatively imperfect. Men's lives will be imperfect enough, at any rate; but when they neglect this vital inspiration, it seems scarcely possible to live at all with religious comfort. Our religious joy never springs from the conception of what we are, but of what God is. No man's life, attainments, purposes, or virtues can yield him full peace. It is the conviction that we are loved of God, personally by name and nature, with a full Divine insight of our real weakness, wickedness, and inferiority, that brings peace. Nor will this become settled and immovable until men know and feel that God loves them from a nature in himself, from a Divine tendency to love the poor and sinful, that he may rescue and heal them. God is called a Sun. His heart, always warm, brings summer to the most barren places. He is inexhaustible in goodness, and his patience beyond all human conception. If he is our friend and lover, if he conducts our life from a fidelity that belongs to his nature, and not from reasons existing in us, then our trust will stand in the majesty and certainty of Divine goodness, and not in unworthy moral conditions in ourselves.

"It is not because God is indifferent to moral qualities that he loves sinners. His love is medicinal. His life is a world-nursing life. He cleanses whom he loves, that he may love yet more. God's nature is infinitely healing and cleansing. They that are brought in contact with the Divine heart feel it by the growth that instantly begins in them. And his Being is so capacious, that all the want of all sinful creatures, through endless ages, neither exhausts nor wearies him. Ten thousand armies might bathe in the ocean, and neither sully its purity nor exhaust its cleansing power. But the ocean is but a cup by the side of God's heart. Realms and orbs may bathe and rise into purity! No words will ever hint or dimly paint the height and depth and length and breadth of the love of Christ. It is love that pours, endless and spontaneous, just as sunlight does, — simply because God is love! By the side of Christ a mother's love, that on earth shines high above all other, as a star above night-candles, is in comparison like those glimmering, expiring stars when the sun shines them into radiant eclipse! In the bosom of such a God there is salvation for every one that will trust him! And what chances of safety or purity are there for those who reject him, — who light their own candle, and walk in its pale glimmer, rather than in the noonday glory of God in Christ?

"All attempts to base a life of rectitude upon mere conscience, — good and noble as conscience is in its applications to secular life; all attempts to become a Christian on the ground of duty to your convictions of right and wrong; all attempts to live in conformity to certain moral rules, — lead to a state of bondage. No real liberty can be in Christian life till Christ turns all *duty* into love. Conscience and Law are sworn friends. But Love makes performance of right so quick and spontaneous, that Law is always behindhand. Love *does* what Law, lagging behind her glowing steps, tells sluggards and ingrates they *must* do. Indeed, Love gives Law its enactments, and tells it what to proclaim, and love is the fulfilling of the Law!"

THE FROZEN TEAR.

CHILDREN, please to read the following. Children large and grown up need not pass it over. Thanksgiving season is a very good time to thaw frozen tears. We culled this flower from an old Christian Register some time ago. It purports to be a true story verified.

THE SKATERS.

My child, (the good old man did say,)
My child, come near to me,
Come tell thy father what this day
Has pleasant been to thee.

Father, (the buxom boy replied,)
When school was done and o'er,
With a merry shout and a joyous stride
We ran for the frozen shore.

Down on the knee we in a trice
Buckled the binding strap,
And away we went on the glary ice
With a whoop, hallo, and clap.

And curious figures we did cut
As ever were cut by skate,
The circle now, then heel to heel,
And now the figure eight.

And away we went, — nor felt no fall.
There's a hole ; take care ! take care !
Look out ! look out ! there comes the ball ;
O, what a bound was there !

And thus we warmed the cold away ;
Our cheeks were rosy red ;
But there was one whose feet did stay,
Nor on the ice did tread.

Why stand you there upon the snow,
You timid one, and cold ?
Come, venture here, and we will show
And learn you to be bold.

Away we went upon the race,
With scarce a look behind,
But still the boy in the same place
To stand was yet inclined.

I could not brook to see him so ;
And to him went and said,
To the same school we both do go,
To sports the same are led.

And then it was upon his cheek
 I saw the *frozen tear* ;
 He did not try, — why should he speak
 When nature speaks so clear ?

The tear its story did relate
 In language strong and true ;
 No sled had he, nor yet a skate, —
 To buy he was too poor.

My Hollanders of burnished steel
 Now on his feet appear ; —
 O, 't is a pleasant thing to feel
 I've thawed that frozen tear !

Well done, my boy ! thus ever live ;
 Such actions never grieve ;
 Know thou it is more sweet to give
 Than ever to receive.

And when thy cheek, my child, to-night
 Doth thy soft pillow press,
 Sink thou to sleep in pure delight,
 For God thy deed will bless.

MEN AND WOMEN.

THE doctrine of Swedenborg, that "man is truth from love, and woman is love from truth," would in this concise statement be very enigmatical to most people. Mr. Fernald, in his very interesting chapter on marriage, expands and illustrates it. We have an annual deluge of nonsense and absurdity about the equality of the sexes, which will have this good result, however, that it will turn attention and earnest thought upon this subject, till the discovery is made that women cannot be improved into men, nor men into women, and that to ask whether one is the equal of the other, were about as sensible as to ask whether a pound sterling were equal to a pound avoirdupois. They belong to different denominations, and we might try to work them in the same equation till the day of doom, without getting the answer.

"There are but two principles which constitute the Divine Nature,

and these are the Divine Love and Wisdom. Both man and woman receive of both these in an eminent degree. It is the predominance of one over the other which constitutes the difference of sex; and also the remarkable fact, that with man his love is inmost, and with woman her wisdom is inmost; or with man it is love with a covering of wisdom, and with woman wisdom with a covering of love. Any one may notice this from the fact that man in his social life is not at all unsusceptible of love; it glows in his breast with great vigor and strength, but it does not manifest itself so readily and easily; it flows not from him with such constant and effortless exuberance; and it is more apt to be selfish and withdrawn. Woman, on the other hand, outflows with her nature, as though affection came first and uppermost; it is all on the outside; not in a superficial sense, but in a sense of 'first have, first give.' She does not wait to have it well up through the great deeps of thought, of a calculating intellect, and many prior considerations; she is too frequently the dupe of her own quick affections for *not* so doing; but being first placed, it first flows, ever ready, spontaneous, free, and graceful. But to show that she has wisdom beneath all this, and very deeply, it is only sufficient to notice how admirably reflection comes, looking as it were *through* that love to the subjects that love was first taken with. How fondly *contemplative* of such objects of affection! Her intellect seems to have love's eye, while man's love has intellect's eye. And in company with men, though she is not disposed to converse so much on the higher subjects that come within the range of his intelligence, yet her concealed wisdom shows itself in that appreciative listening which is sometimes so terrible!"

"OLD JOHN BROWN."

Not any spot six feet by two
Will hold a man like thee:
John Brown will tramp the shaking earth
From the Blue Ridge to the sea,
Till the strong angel comes at last
And opes each dungeon door,
And God's "Great Charter" holds and waves
O'er all his humble poor.

And then the humble poor will come
 In that far-distant day,
 And from the felon's nameless grave
 They 'll brush the leaves away,
 And gray old men will point the spot
 Beneath the pine-tree shade,
 As children ask with streaming eyes
 Where "old John Brown" was laid.

S.

 WAIT AND SEE !

SUPPOSE some speculative, over-curious, wandering angel had wandered earthward during the ages that the geologist speaks of, would he not have been very likely to have asked, Of what use can such a world as this ever be? He would have found our planet covered with an unbroken sea, and inhabited by creatures scarcely animate, — *graptolites*, i. e. carved stone coffins, for so they have become and are called by us, having their dwellings in the weeds, *polyps* patiently building up coral reefs, *crinoids*, lily-shaped *echinoderms*, *trilobites*, extinct species all of them now, sole occupants of the earth then, — not a very hopeful state of things! What could he have made of it all? Nothing. Happy for him if some Wise One might come and whisper in his ear, *Wait and see!*

Well, wait! Wait for ages! Wait until patience seems to be scarcely a virtue any longer! And what has been gained? The angel has wandered earthward again. At first, things look a little more promising. Here are vast forests, a most magnificent and luxuriant vegetation, — a glorious sight, were there only discerning eyes to gaze upon it! But alas! what means this? The destroyer is at work. The decree has gone forth, and these gigantic trees, a mighty host, yield before the rushing tides, and are swept down into the valleys and water-beds. Of what use! saith the questioner, not without a certain tone of triumph and confidence, an ill-disguised sense of satisfaction that nothing has come of it all as yet. *Wait and see!* again counsels the Wise One.

Ages upon ages the chaotic planet rolls on incomplete, yet undestroyed, teeming with its strange forms of life, — monsters we call them now, — gaining the least possible with every journey round the sun, for when the Creator goes forth from the depths of Absolute Being

by his creative Word, and the Infinite becomes finite, it pleases Him to move, as we say, slowly. A thousand years are as one day. Ages upon ages come to an end. Graptolites and trilobites are gone, but in their stead a race which, degraded as it is in many of its members, points to heroes, saints, and sages numberless. Graptolites and trilobites are gone, but in their stead Plato and Aristotle, Solon and Socrates, Bacon, Fénelon, Howard, Washington! *Wait and see* man created in the image and growing into the likeness of God! *Wait and see* the sons of God for whose manifestation a groaning and travailing creation longed! See HIM, the perfect Image of Deity, the realized ideal of Humanity, the Son of God, the Son of Man, to whom our curious angel must render honor! So much hath already come of waiting. Ought not the experience to rebuke our impatient questioning, and calm our fears about the world's future?

Wait and see! The world does advance, though slowly. A positive improvement can be demonstrated in some matters concerning which decline and degeneracy have been most confidently asserted. The much-vaunted armor in which the old knights were encased is too small for our improved frames. Men are larger than they once were, not smaller, as some will have it. Macaulay tells us that the difference in point of health between the London of the nineteenth century and the London of the seventeenth century is greater than the difference between London in ordinary years and London in the cholera. From 1776 to 1843 the duration of life increased in France at the average rate of fifty-two days annually. Discouraging assertions are for the most part sustained by picked facts, selected from the pages of history for a purpose, and, because selected for a purpose, not fair specimens of the mass. The worst institutions have their south and sunny side. The loyalty of the old serf was a very pleasant thing, though even this, it is likely, we appreciate better than he did; but brutal ignorance, periodical famines, plagues, and perpetual wars were not good things. It is easy to draw a very fascinating picture of old Catholic Europe, but it would hardly answer to put into this picture an *auto da fé*, like that, for instance, in the great square of Valladolid, in the times and in the presence of his most Catholic Majesty, Philip the Second of Spain. What should we say to such a horror in this city of Boston, in this nineteenth century of Christianity? The world has improved. It will improve in ways more than we can think of. The tabernacle of God is with men.

At all events, *wait and see*. The Future shall interpret the Past, just as the coal which burns so cheerfully in your grate, as you muse by the fireside, interprets for you the destruction of all those mighty forests that ages ago covered the earth. *Wait and see*. Yet labor meanwhile; for we can always see a pathway of duty, and light enough to guide our steps is ever given. E.

LAST DAYS AND LAST WORDS.

WE have reached, as it seems almost in a moment, the last month of the Religious Magazine for Eighteen Fifty-nine, and before we shall again be able to address our readers we shall have written "1860" as the name of the new twelvemonth. Our pleasant task is done, and yet done only to be recommenced, if we are permitted to enter upon the new time. We are glad to learn that the number of those who are willing to read our word is steadily increasing, and this knowledge emboldens us still to put it before the eyes of all to whose condition it may be fitted. Would we could think that any are one half as glad to read as we are to write, in the freedom which is so abundantly accorded to us, — a freedom that recognizes no metes and bounds save those of Christ and his Spirit. Is it not singularly desirable that there should be one religious journal that shall address men and women, not in the name of a sect, or as members of a sect, but in the name of that dear Master and Lord who is for all of us the Mediator, and the only Mediator, between our wayward souls and the Heavenly Father? Is it not singularly desirable that the attention of Christians should be often and earnestly solicited for what they hold in common? Not, we hope, with the liberality of indifference, nor yet with that patronizing, Pharisaic spirit which saith, I am more advanced than thou art, and above these petty sectarian strifes! but out of a very earnest conviction that there is an experience of the heart and life in which believers are at one, we would try to save ourselves and others, by learning and by uttering the truth. If we have done ever so little in this direction, we have cause for gratitude and encouragement to say on.

It is the last month. Would that each one of us might find it a month of growth! The tree of life, it is written, bore twelve manner of fruits, and yielded its fruit every month. It is the last month, and

yet it is a twelfth part of the year. These last days may redeem all that have gone before. Old year's homilies are for the most part preached too late. No time is left to practise upon their lessons. There is an advantage in pronouncing them whilst there are still days to be redeemed. If you have suffered the sun to go down upon your wrath, contrary to the injunction of the Apostle, let it not be with the circuit as well as with the revolution of that glorious symbol of Divine Light and Love! And yet do not say, There is no cause for haste, — are there not yet thirty-one days? For what assurance has any one of us of to-morrow? "I must work the work of Him that sent me," said the Saviour, "whilst it is day, for the night cometh in which no man can work."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Gold-Foil, hammered from Popular Proverbs. By TIMOTHY TITCOMB. New York: Charles Scribner. — These are essays on various subjects, written in a style easy, flowing, and sometimes beautiful, setting forth important truths, now with a quaint humor, and again with solemnity and unction. Mr. Holland is an earnest believer, and we rejoice to find vital and saving truths commended in a style so pleasing to the popular mind. The essays also evince considerable insight into human nature, and as descriptions of character and manners will be read with much pleasure and edification. There are twenty-eight of the essays, among which, to show the range of topics, we specify, "The Infallible Book," "Patience," "The Ideal Christ," "Providence," "The Way to grow Old," "Home," "The Secret of Popularity," "The Great Mystery." s.

The Word of the Spirit to the Church. By C. A. BARTOL. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. — The Spirit above the Church and its rituals, is the doctrine which Mr. Bartol unfolds and enforces, sometimes with a pith and flavor worthy of old Fuller himself. We have read with delight, and we believe with entire assent, every word that is here written, but with the feeling that the writer has described the highest results of the Christian life and experience, without taking

sufficiently into account the means and processes through which we get them. To be filled by the Spirit, and be led by it, is the Christian's last and highest privilege. *How shall he arrive at that state?* — A question that opens the whole matter of discipline, doctrine, ritual, experience, prayer, to whom and by what methods, struggle, regeneration, and union with Christ. To be led by the Spirit, and to have it as a new "incarnation" in all we do, is a beautiful ideal state which none of us have yet attained. How shall we come into it? Mr. Bartol could not tell us everything in these eighty-six pages, and we thank him for this strain of sweet music out of a high interior life; but a great many will ask, on closing the book, "How did you get there?"

S.

Religious and Moral Sentences culled from the Works of Shakespeare, compared with Sacred Passages drawn from Holy Writ. From the English Edition, with an Introduction by F. D. HUNTINGTON, D. D. — If the object of this book were to recommend the Bible by the patronage of Shakespeare, we should think it worse than useless. But it is rather to recommend Shakespeare, and the Bible incidentally, by showing how Shakespeare's imagination gained vigor and splendor from the Scriptures. The parallel passages are sometimes fancifully drawn, but the reader will have a book of choice quotations, and may compare them for himself.

S.

Self-Education. Translated from the French of DEGERANDO, by ELIZABETH P. PEABODY. Third Edition, with Additions. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. — The name of the author of this treatise is identified with the cause of public instruction in his native country. He founded the system of public schools for France, and the end he worked for and the immense amount of his philanthropic labors resemble, says Miss Peabody, those of our own Horace Mann.

The treatise is divided into three parts. Part First treats of the nature of the human faculties; Part Second, of their employment; Part Third, of the culture of the moral powers. It is a treatise on mental and moral philosophy, as well as self-education. It has throughout the French sparkle and perspicuity, which the translator has preserved in her exceedingly vigorous and graceful English. Almost every chapter is an eloquent incitement to the study of one's self, and the attainment and practice of excellence. In some of his

statements the author does not win our assent; touching the nature of self-love, we should side with Fénelon rather than Degerando. But every chapter suggests and quickens, and in this respect reminds us of the brilliant pages of Mr. Mann himself. s.

Dialogues, Essays, and Stories, Original and Selected. By SOPHIA WHITE. Boston: George Phinney. — This is a little book of 220 pages, written for children, designed to interest them in the doctrines of the New Church, and illustrate them to a child's comprehension. We should think it very well adapted to its end. s.

Twelve Years of a Soldier's Life in India; being Extracts from the Letters of the Late MAJOR W. S. R. HODSON, B. A. Edited by his brother, REV. GEORGE H. HODSON, M. A. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — Major Hodson was one of the brave men who fell at the battle around the walls of Lucknow, in 1858. He was distinguished, not only as a brave officer, but as a man of almost miraculous personal influence. His name "was known, either in love or in fear, by every native from Calcutta to Cabul." The brother who compiles the biography has almost unbounded reverence and affection for the subject of it, and the letters certainly depict a character in which energy, bravery, generosity, and tenderness of affection were rarely combined. s.

The Money-King, and Other Poems. By JOHN G. SAXE. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — Mr. Saxe evidently takes Hood for his model. "Ho-ho of the Golden Belt," and "Tom Brown's Day in Gotham," are set to the tune of "The Tale of a Trumpet," and the sparkle of wit and pun are worthy of Hood himself. The satire in "The Money-King" and "The Press" is sometimes tolerably keen. Mr. Saxe's aim, however, evidently is not to inform or instruct, but to amuse rather, and he generally succeeds. Innocent laughter is good and healthful, provided it be hearty enough, and we do not see that Mr. Saxe uses his gift for the purpose of exciting any other. s.

Stories of Henry and Henrietta. Translated from the French of ABEL DUFRESNE, by H. B. A., with Illustrations, from Designs by Billings. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. 1860. — These stories will be ready in abundant season for Christmas, and we heartily commend them to all who are engaged in that somewhat difficult

enterprise of selecting a book for a child,—a book at once level with his comprehension, and not beneath his human dignity and capacity. Henry and Henrietta, as one might guess from the names, will not satisfy those who must have *sensation* stories; children can read them and go to sleep quietly in their beds, without fear of dreadful visions, and for this we like them. We have not read the French, but the English is good, and evidently accurate. We are confident that the little volume will prove a valuable addition to juvenile literature, and all the more, because it will not need to be accompanied by a grammar and dictionary, or a living expositor. E.

True Womanhood: a Tale by JOHN NEAL. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. —“A Tale by John Neal” will touch a chord of memory in a great many minds, and bring up very vividly old scenes and associations. Mr. Neal says he is not at all satisfied with those old stories, Logan, Seventy-Six, Brother Jonathan, &c., and, instead of revising them, prefers to write a new and a better one to justify the good opinion of his friends. Whether Womanhood is really such, we cannot judge as yet, for we are only in the third chapter now as we are going to press. The events which occurred in the commercial paroxysm of 1857–58, and the religious awakening that followed, furnish the occasions and incidents through which to set forth what true womanhood is equal to, and we hope to find that the well-known genius of the writer has done justice to so good a theme. S.

PAMPHLETS.

A Church Memorial, consisting of the History of the First Unitarian Congregational Society in the City of Nashua, N. H., with Articles, Covenant, and Statement of Faith; to which are added Letters from Past and Present Pastors. Nashua. 1859.—Positive Theology of the Christian sort.

Address Commemorative of Rufus Choate, by THEOPHILUS PARSONS, delivered before the Students of the Law School of Harvard University, at their request, September 29th, 1859. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

The Free-Will Baptist Quarterly. October, 1859.

A Sermon of Old Age, preached January 29, 1854. Boston: Published by the Fraternity. 1859.

ERRATUM.

On page 106, line 17, of the August Number, for “Miss Lowell,” read “Miss Sewall, author of Gertrude, &c.”

